

# SEMI WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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NO. 101

## WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—Walker Mason will leave the latter part of this week to visit his old home in Madison county.

—H. L. Manning's store-house was burned at Saxton Sunday night. Loss about \$2,500; insurance \$1,000.

—F. A. Gurney, of the Whitley County Herald, is in Louisville this week in the interest of the Whitley County Fair.

—There was a sand tide in the river Sunday and the mills secured logs enough to run them about two months.

—Mr. G. A. Denham spent Sunday and Monday in London, Rev. W. J. Johnson and wife are visiting at her father's home in Georgetown. Mr. G. R. Bangs, of London, spent last Sunday visiting friends here.

—About 20 of Miss Carrie Myers' friends gave her a pleasant surprise party at her home Saturday evening. Mr. McMullen, who has been working in the Times office for several weeks, returned to his home in Iowa Tuesday.

—The town board made an order last Monday directing the marshal to shoot every dog found loose on the streets. There already have been several mad dogs killed and this severe ordinance against the canine population of town seems absolutely necessary.

—Everything quiet here again, after nearly five weeks of court, and those who are naturally drawn to a town on such occasions have all departed to their homes and also several of our own citizens, leaving our streets rather deserted. C. W. Lester and S. V. D. Stout are at Mt. Vernon and B. S. Crawford at Harlan Court-House, attending court.

—Mahan & Co. had L. A. Kars arrested on a bail-wit last Thursday for attempting to leave the county without paying them. Kars was foreman for Massillon Bridge Co. while they were constructing the Clear Fork bridge just south of town. He is still in jail and Police Judge Tye has issued a warrant charging him with obtaining goods under false pretenses. He had signed various orders on the Bridge Company without any authority and came to Mahan & Co. and got possession of the orders, promising to return them, and now denies getting them.

—The readers of the I. J. may be glad to know some of the facts in the Len Tye case, as there has been so much talk about it. Tye left Mt. Ash, a station 3 miles north of where the murder was committed, and started south about the same time Miss Bryant started from Saxton, one mile north of where she was killed. Mr. Massingall saw Miss Bryant within 300 yards of where she was killed. He traveled north on the wagon road about 1/2 mile and met two Perkins children going south, who got on the railroad near where he saw Miss Bryant, and Tye was behind these children, making him at least a mile behind Miss Bryant, so he could not possibly have committed the murder. From the proof that was brought out it looks very much as if Paxton was too far on the other side of the place to have gotten there in time to commit the deed.

## LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—The London Opera House is finished and is now ready for business.

—Mr. R. C. Ford was here Monday and left for Manchester Tuesday.

—The contract for building the Baptist church has been let to Fred Hug.

—It is rumored that one of our young widowers and a handsome young Miss will wed in a few days.

—W. S. Jackson will build a business and residence on the property where his and Ed Parker's houses were burned.

—I have been informed that the M. E. church South will build on the property of C. H. Moses and the ground belonging to the two Methodist churches will probably be sold.

—Circuit court is going on here now, with a good attendance. No felony cases have been tried as yet. Cases disposed of have been whisky, concealed weapons, assault and such like. Attending attorneys are J. W. Alcorn, J. A. Craft, W. K. Rollings and a whole crew of local attorneys.

## CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold a convention at Barboursville Feb. 22-24.

—Methodist Evangelist Masonheimer had 100 converts at the Covington meeting at last reports.

—There were 12 additions to the Methodist church Sunday, mostly Sunday-day school scholars.—Advocate.

—Rev. M. J. Kelley, of Minneapolis, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the prohibition party is the most unmitigated sham of the 19th century.

—Eld. Joe Severance, Jr., has accepted a call to preach for the Preachers church one Sunday in the month and will begin on the 4th Sunday.

—The normal Sunday-school class will meet at the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All who desire to join will please be on hand.

—Rev. Ben Helm returned from Livingston yesterday, where he has been holding a meeting for Rev. Van Nus. His labors were blessed with 16 confessions and 12 additions to the church.

## NOTES FROM ATLANTA, GA.

Atlanta, although a Southern city, is not near so far south as some imagine. It is not in the torrid zone by a great deal, as a certain Virginia lady thought when she sent a message to a gentleman here to send her some of the beautiful flowers that grow wild in profusion at this season of the year. Very few flowers grow wild in these parts at any season and particularly are they conspicuous for their absence at present. Although directly south about 400 miles I can see very little difference in the climate here and at Stanford. During the prolonged cold spell the mercury stayed in the region of zero for weeks and even now it is necessary to wear overcoats.

In company with my brother, sister and nephew I went out to McPherson Barracks yesterday and although I wrote about that place when here before there has been such marked improvement since then, I cannot help dwelling on the subject just a little. As I stated before, there are over 500 soldiers stationed here and more beautiful grounds could hardly be found. The barracks are located on a plateau about 1,200 feet above the sea level, which is as level almost as a plank floor. There are 20 elegant residences for the higher officers and the general in command, who, by the way, gets \$20 a day, and lives in a veritable palace. The soldiers also have substantial and commanding headquarters and live on the very best. A magnificent hotel, where meals are cooked exclusively by steam, is just completed, and a very large guard-house, where the erring soldier boys will pay "the penalty of crime," is about ready to be turned over to the government. The barracks are about five miles from town, but are reached in a short while by the electric cars, which only charge five cents. These soldiers, who will probably never smell powder in real battle, live like lords and get good salaries for doing nothing besides. Uncle Sam is a generous old soul and when a few of the head officers expressed a desire to have a hop occasionally, he did not hesitate to go forthwith and build a ball-room.

One of the largest printing and engraving establishments in the South is located here. It is the Franklin Printing Co. and does an immense business. The company has a handsome three-story building on Ivy street, which is built with the most modern appliances for the art preservative.

Another splendid building is that of the Young Men's Christian Association. Henry W. Grady, whose name is dear to every lover of the South, was mainly instrumental in its building and it stands as one of the many grand monuments to his memory. The more enthusiastic members of the Association are justly proud of their splendid headquarters and delight in showing the stranger through.

With the permission of Mr. L. DeGivie, the popular and clever owner, I went with a party through the Grand Opera House, of which I have made several references. The name Grand is no misnomer, in fact this lowly pen is inadequate to convey to the reader how very grand this Opera House is. The seating capacity is about 4,500 and the stage is 50x80, which is one of the largest in the United States. The scenery, which was painted by an expert from Paris, is grand almost beyond description and it would be hard to think of a scene that could not be produced almost instantaneously. The boxes, which are lined with various kinds of elegant plush, and furnished with satin-covered upholstery, are beautiful and are indeed fit for the gods. The dressing rooms are almost as large as the average chamber and are also elegantly furnished. Both gas and electric lights are used and there is almost as much machinery for them alone as there is in the electrical portion of the Stanford Water, Light & Ice Co.'s plant. Mr. DeGivie is a Belgian by birth and came to Atlanta on a visit a number of years ago. He was impressed very favorably with the city and decided to locate here. He launched forth into the theatrical business about 20 years ago and has been a most successful manager, having amassed a snug little fortune.

A most excellent view of this city is obtained from the top of the Equitable building—9 stories high—and I took advantage of the opportunity few days ago. There are four elevators in this immense building and they go like "greased lightning." In fact, you go the nine stories in much less time than it takes to tell about it, and a person who is addicted at all to sea sickness frequently gets sick and would no doubt give vent to his feelings and say "New York" from the bottom of his very stomach—were not the trip made so quickly. From the top of this immense building one can see for miles around and can be seen and a splendid bird's-eye view of the city was obtained. It would be a pleasant surprise to a person who had not been here for a few years to return and see how rapidly the Gate City has built up. It was another revelation of the city's prosperity to me, which makes me more and more of the opinion that Atlanta is the best city in the South.

There is a good deal of wealth here and fortunately it is pretty well divided. There are only about two millionaires in the city, but there are hundreds who can sign a check for from \$100,000 to \$500,000 without fear that it would not be honored.

A visitor here would be impressed with the number of grocery stores and it looks to me as if there are too many for all of them to eke out an existence. They all seem to be doing well, however, and it is a rare thing when any of them go to the wall. The stranger would also notice with pleasure the beautiful show windows here. In the larger dry goods establishments adepts are employed to do nothing else save to keep them looking attractive.

E. C. W.

## THE GRAYBACK.

A Stray Leaf From the Forthcoming History of Wolford's Cavalry.

BY R. T.

Soon after our immersion in fire at Mill Springs, Wolford and his men were ordered to Bardstown, reaching there early in February, 1862, and went into camp on the filthy grounds lately occupied by the infantry of the Army of the Ohio.

We found Gen. W. H. Lytle in command of the post and felt highly honored in being immediately under that distinguished gentleman and scholar; but in contradiction to the pleasure of being so intimately associated with the author of "Cleopatra," or "I am dying, Egypt, dying," found other acquaintances, which were destined to mar our enjoyment and cast a shadow over our respectability among certain classes. It was here that we were first made known to that species of parasitic insects popularly known among soldiers by the name of "grayback," which adhered to us with most unyielding tenacity throughout the war, and was loth to leave us when peace was proclaimed. We had heard of them—had read of them in romance and history—but were unaware of their many clinging virtues until brought in contact with them. They made their presence known on the march, around the camp fire and more especially when we folded our weary limbs for sleep or repose. They were lively companions and feasted and gamboled and held mass meetings on our devoted bodies at all times without leave or license. They were perfectly democratic in principles, (the writer does not mean in a partisan sense), as they believed in ruling by the masses. In their religious practices they were inclined to Quakerism; for they operated when the spirit moved them, and had no respect for titles or rank. They would feast and frolic on the commanding general's body the same as on the humblest private. The only antipathy they showed against anything was eloquence. Any one could have partial immunity from them by frequent change of clothing.

Whenever there was danger of them eating us up from multiplicity of numbers we could have a short respite by sealing them to death in our camp kettles; or, if the weather was very cold, we could hang our clothes on our tents and freeze them to death.

Badly annoyance was not the only disadvantage of our new associations. Our popularity began to wane in the family circles of many of the loyal citizens. Fastidious females had a perfect terror of graybacks and sometimes hesitated to give us lodgings for fear of having them introduced into their households. Though our friends and the Union people generally still continued to rejoice at the news of our daring scouts, dashing charges and successes on many bloody fields, it was plain to us that we had lost considerable prestige as fire-side ornaments.

## HUBBLE.

M. C. Embanks sold some corn to Luther Underwood at \$2.25 per barrel.

—Some mad dogs have been killed in this vicinity and other dogs have been bitten.

—S. A. Baker has gone to Whiteland Ind., and his family will follow soon. Mr. R. L. White and wife were visiting relatives in the Hustonville neighborhood this week. R. L. Hubble was over to see us on his crutches last week. Letters from Joseph Swope and family tell us they are pleased with their new home in Irvington, Ind. Miss Anna Spooner more is out again, after several days' illness.

—J. W. Bright's child has been very sick for a few days, but Dr. Kinnard reports it as some better at this writing. Miss Maggie Swinebread has been visiting relatives at Stanford for the past two weeks. We are glad to note that our clever and popular young friend, Mr. J. B. Gentry, has returned from his trip through the South much improved. Mrs. Susan Menefee has been on the sick list for the past week, but is improving now. Wm. Watson has contracted with Johnson, of Lancaster, to build a small brick dwelling. Mrs. S. J. Hubble was out last Sunday among her friends for the first time since last July. She is improving some.

## LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—"The oldest inhabitant" cannot remember a time when the public square was in worse condition than at present.

—Col. George T. Mason of Chicago was here this week to visit relatives and see old friends. The Colonel is now engaged in the life insurance business.

—We have a stack of blue chips to put up against doughnuts that Judge W. E. Walker will be the next collector of internal revenue for this district.

—Col. Bradley and Hon. R. H. Tomlinson are attending the Mt. Vernon court. Our next term of the circuit court will commence the second Monday in next month, 13th inst.

—Maud, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Yantis, died suddenly on Tuesday night. The funeral services will be held at the Church this afternoon, conducted by Eld. J. C. Frank, after which the remains will be interred in the Lancaster cemetery.

—On the 23d day of this month the Mexican veterans who went from Garrard county with Capt. Johnson Price will hold their annual reunion at the Holmes House. Only three of them remain, viz: Gen. W. J. Landrum, Capt. Frank J. White and Capt. Charles Gallagher. A full account will appear in this column.

—Dr. Chauncy M. Depew, has been eating another big dinner and making his usual speech. He said that "business disasters, financial revisions, industrial distress are the patent and prominent causes of the overthrow of the administration." This, however, was followed by this remarkable contradiction: "But the coalition victory over republicanism in 1892 was a revolt against prosperity." In one sentence he admits business disasters and industrial distress and in the next claims that the country was prosperous. Possibly the prosperity of which he boasts is that of Carnegie and Frick, and the revolt was that of the 500 half-starved employers who demanded honest pay for honest labor. Dr. Depew is the Don Quixote of American politics; and while he can talk eloquently and learnedly upon all subjects, knows but little of the wants of the people and cares less. He lives in an atmosphere far above that of the masses; never comes in contact with any except millionaires, and is vain enough to think that when he speaks the people stand in respectful reverence and place implicit confidence in his utterances.

## MIDDLEBURG.

—Bacon is selling here at 15 cents per pound.

—M. S. McMullen is an applicant for the Yosemite post office and here is hoping he will get there.

—Rev. Vines preached a very interesting discourse at the Baptist church Sunday. The congregation seems delighted with him as pastor.

—A little daughter of Mason Russell was burned some two weeks ago, from the effects of which she died Thursday, the 9th. It seems such occurrences are very frequent of late.

—McC. Wheat has bought a half interest in the store room near Miller and Son's wagon and blacksmith shop and will open up a stock of goods there about March 1st. With three men in town we will certainly have cheap goods.

—It is about decided that we are to have a new Masonic hall and a bank. A new town hall is also talked of and those who are putting it on foot say it will be built. Several meetings have been held and a committee to solicit subscriptions for the hall has been appointed and is now at work. Col. H. H. McAninch, J. M. Durham and others are talking up the bank, and it actually looks as if we will have something to boast of at Middleburg besides fat men and pretty women.

—Clande Allstott, who is attending school at Janie Wash. Institute, drew a pistol on Johnnie Henderson, another pupil, one day last week. Henderson's father swore out a warrant for Allstott's arrest and he was immediately arrested and his trial set for Saturday, but Mr. J. F. Allstott, father of the accused, came over and a compromise was effected. Prof. Hall regretted the occurrence very much, though it was unavoidable so far as the faculty was concerned.

—List Wednesday Mrs. Jefferson Short left her two little boys, Virgil and Clarence, and went to the barn only a short distance from the house. Hearing the screams of the children she ran back and to her horror found that the clothing of Clarence, the youngest, was on fire and the little fellow almost burned to death. Dr. J. C. Drye being near, was on hand in a few minutes, but could do nothing. The little sufferer lingered till 2 o'clock Thursday morning, when God relieved him of his sufferings. Much sympathy is felt for the grief-stricken parents.

—Wm. Holtzelaw, of the Gilbert's Creek neighborhood, whose serious illness was noted in our last, died yesterday, aged 55. The interment will be in the family burying-ground, this morning at 10 o'clock.

—Solon Miller, grandson of the founder of Richmond, Ky., died Wednesday, aged 83.

R. B. KING.

GEORGE B. PREWITT.

## KING & PREWITT, MORELAND, KY.,

Take this method of informing the public that they will open in the near future a well selected stock of

## GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.

And in the early Spring will add to their stock a line of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Millinery, &c. Our terms will be cash or country produce and we will also take in exchange for goods Tan Bark, Whisky Barrel Staves, Hoop Poles and Hickory Spokes. Give us a call and we will save you money.

KING & PREWITT.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

I am now ready to wait upon my friends in anything in

## GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

.....&c. I am also agent for a line of.....

## COOK STOVES

Equal to any ever offered here. Call and see them. I represent the famous

## Oliver Chilled Plow, Dix Feed Cutter, Studebaker Wagons, &c.

Call and see my line of goods before make any purchases.

Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

## NEW DRUG STORE.

Having lost nearly all my stock by recent fire, I have just re-opened at old stand with

## NEW GOODS, FRESH DRUGS,

And Chemicals, Latest Toilet Articles, School Supplies, Stationery and everything to be found in a first-class drug store. I shall be pleased to see all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me, Assuring them

## Prompt Attention and Lowest Prices.

W. B. McROBERTS.

W. P. WALTON.

SIX : PAGES.  
EVERY FRIDAY.

MR. CLEVELAND has authoritatively announced the appointment and acceptance of the following members of his cabinet: Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, secretary of state; John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, secretary of the treasury; Daniel S. Lamont, of New York, secretary of war, and Wilson S. Bissell, of New York, postmaster general. Judge Gresham is a very recent recruit from republicanism. He was a member of President Arthur's cabinet and since then came near being nominated for the presidency on the republican ticket. He was much spoken of before the Minneapolis convention, but Harrison turned all the boys down and then it was said that the judge would accept the populist nomination for president. He declined, however, voted the democratic ticket and is rewarded with the highest office in Mr. Cleveland's gift. The boys in the trenches do not take to the appointment kindly, but Mr. Watterson thinks it is the grandest thing that has ever been done in politics and in a column and a half of double leads grows absolutely hilarious on the subject. Of Mr. Carlisle it is unnecessary to speak. He is known and respected of all men for his sterling integrity and broad statesmanship. His appointment was a master stroke of genius. Dan Lamont will be remembered as Mr. Cleveland's private secretary during his first administration. He proved himself the best that ever filled that position and there is no reason that he should not become the successful head of the war department, though he was never accused of being a soldier or of possessing war-like proclivities. Mr. Bissell is a powerful man physically and ought to be able to hold down the post-office department. He is a much larger man than the coming president and that's saying a good deal. Mr. Cleveland is to be commended for not keeping as a secret what the people have a right to know. He will announce the other appointments as soon as acceptance has been received. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not go to New York for another member of his official family. Two from the Empire State are quite sufficient.

Since the above was written Mr. Cleveland has added Hoke Smith, of the Atlanta Journal, to the cabinet, giving him the position of secretary of the interior. Mr. Smith was born in North Carolina in 1855 and is an able lawyer and a fine newspaper man.

TEXAS and hell used to be regarded as synonymous terms, but a revision is now necessary. Kansas has taken from the Lone Star State any and every claim she may have had to be classed with the place that Bob Ingersoll says there is no such, and has about demonstrated that she is literally and unequivocally hell itself. A dispatch says war has broken out in the Legislature. The republicans attempted to arrest the clerk of the popular House and a general street fight ensued, in which the clerk escaped. The republicans called for volunteers to help make the arrest and 150 assistant sergeants-at-arms were sworn in. The populists also swore in an extra force, the governor called out the militia and canons were trained on the capitol. The republicans are now in a state of siege, without food and h. i. t. p. generally.

JUDGE WILLIAM LINDSAY is now a full-fledged U. S. Senator, the Legislature having elected him Monday, and will leave Frankfort in a few days for his new post in Washington. Twenty-eight years ago the judge was a ragged Confederate soldier, without money and with few friends. He had courage and ambition, though, and soon began to make name and fame for himself. He climbed the ladder two rungs at a time and now occupies a position next to the highest in the gift of the people. His career is another illustration of the possibilities of the American boy and ought to inspire every one to try to make his "life sublime and departing leave behind him footprints on the sands of time."

MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS has purchased her partner's interest in her entertaining paper, the Illustrated Kentuckian, and will run it alone. She has been doing all the work and is solely responsible for the strong foothold it has gained in public favor. We hope she will continue to gather laurels and laurels from its publication.

OLD man Blakely, of the Newport Journal, now carries a cane to assist the impaired locomotion, which time has wrought. It is a gold headed one and was presented at a banquet by the Commercial Club of his city as a token of appreciation for his great services to the public.

The Senate refused 14 to 30 to take up the New Mexico Statehood bill.

As Owensboro liveryman committed suicide because he "owed everybody." This is a new way to pay old debts, but it is a pretty good one, and we respectfully recommend it to others in the same fix, especially if they are too mean to pay an honest debt when they can.

## NEWSY NOTES.

Thomas Ironston, Jr., of Madison, committed suicide.

The Main street Christian church was sold at auction at Lexington and brought \$29,000.

Charles New, a married man, was killed by young Atwood at Kosciusko, Miss., for seducing his sister.

Tom Blount, negro, was lynched at Chattanooga for criminal assault on Mrs. Mary Moore, a white woman.

Hester Dean, a member of the demimonde, was found dead in her bed at Harrodsburg. The cause was attributed to dissipation.

Andy Schlegel, a Louisville policeman, was dismissed for misbehavior to women on the street, so he went home and blew his brains out.

The post-office department has practically shut down on the appointment of 4th-class post-offices and post-masters. Only in extreme cases are appointments made.

Mr. Carlisle intends to appoint his son Logan chief clerk of the treasury. The office is one of the most important connected with the treasury department.

The sundry civil bill now before the Senate provides \$10,000 of the \$98,190 appropriated for the board of lady managers of the World's Fair shall be issued in 25¢ souvenir coins.

A couple of thieves broke the window of Semper Bro.'s jewelry store on Vine street, Cincinnati, and got off with \$2,250 worth of diamonds. All the force was in the store at the time.

A New York negro preacher, who went to Paris, Texas, where a negro was burned to death for rape and murder, to form an anti-lynching society, was ridden out of town on a rail before he could do so.

Col. James E. Pepper, of Lexington, has just taken out a policy for \$100,000 on his life, making his total life insurance \$380,000, said to be the heaviest insurance carried by any one in the South.

The committee has fixed upon Mammoth Cave as the place and May 17th as the date for the annual meeting of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar. There are nearly 1,700 Knights in the State.

Miss Ureth Garr has secured a verdict of \$9,000 against the city of Louisville for the loss of one of her legs, which was crushed in the collision of two vehicles on a narrow bridge and had to be amputated.

A message recommending the annexation of the Hawaiian Island was sent Wednesday to the Senate by the president, accompanied by a treaty of annexation and correspondence relating to the subject.

Rev. McDonald, an evangelist of the "New Light church," is charged at Vincennes with attempting to outrage a 10-year-old girl. It was with difficulty that her father and brother were kept from killing him.

The wife of Leonard Figg, who was killed by an electric light wire in Louisville a few days ago, has brought suit against the company for \$15,000. She was only allowed \$100 at the time of her husband's death.

Mr. Carlisle is quoted as having said that one of his first official steps as Secretary will be to issue bonds to relieve the Treasury, and that this will be followed by a special session of Congress to repeal the Sherman silver law.

William A. Brady, acting for James J. Corbett, deposited in New York two checks, one for \$10,000, to bind a match with Charles Mitchell, and one for \$2,500 to bind a match with Peter Jackson under terms made by the champion.

James Ballard, a Garrard county farmer, attempted to shoot Daniel Chehant, a Richmond attorney, when he said something in a trial there, which he thought reflected on his wife. He was immediately fined \$100 and sent to jail for 10 days.

Ed Burkhardt, of Leslie county, was shot and instantly killed by his brother-in-law, John Saylor. Both parties were under the influence of whisky when the killing occurred. On the same day near Manchester, Clay county, Joe Setzer was shot and killed by James Barrett. Both murderers are under arrest.

Gov. Northern, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation setting forth the bravery of a couple of officers who prevented a lynching, in which he says: "Adequate praise should be also awarded to the officers of the law, as well as all those patriotic and law-abiding men who resolutely stood by the great bulwark of social order and sternly set their faces against the unauthorized taking of human life."

## THE LEGISLATURE.

The House passed the bill fixing the auditor's salary at \$3,000, without qualms.

The bill to absolutely prohibit the sale of cigarettes in Kentucky, which passed the House, was killed in the Senate.

The special election in Anderson, Mercer and Franklin counties, to choose a successor to Senator Lindsay, will be held Feb. 21. Col. E. H. Taylor will be accorded a clear track for the place.

## DANVILLE.

Bohli & Schaefer's All Star Specialty Co. played to a good audience at the opera house Tuesday night.

Mr. M. C. Thurman will soon return to Danville to live, having disposed of his hotel in Morristown, Tenn.

Miss Lilian French, eldest daughter of H. W. French, of this place, and Mr. John R. Gallagher, of Harrodsburg, were married Wednesday at 3 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. W. F. Taylor, of the Methodist church, performed the ceremony.

Quite a crowd collected Tuesday evening on Main street near Mrs. Atkins' residence and also afterwards at the police court room, in consequence of an attack made by Chas. Morrissey on a member of the Bohli-Schaefer Star Comedy Co. At the time of the collision Morrissey was in the company of Tom Williams, and the Bohli man in the company of another Bohli man. The cause of the attack was a supposition on the part of Morrissey that the showmen were trying to get up a flirtation with two young ladies, one of whom was Morrissey's niece. A careful investigation showed, however, that while the showmen, like the Datehman, may have thought "damn it," neither of them said that or anything else, proper or improper, to the young ladies, one of whom told her father that she knew nothing of anything that is supposed to have preceded the fight until after the fight. Both of the young ladies and their parents, all of whom are respectable people, desire the entire affair to be forgotten.

Last Thursday night a gentleman and lady (apparently) called at the house of a Danville lady who sometimes takes boarders. The gentleman stated that the lady had been called to Richmond by the illness of a relative and wished to leave for that place by an early train. The gentleman did all the talking, the lady did none. The gentleman was well dressed, rather short of stature and stoutly built. The lady was smaller than what is known as medium sized and wore a veil. The landlady showed them a room and left them. In about a minute she recollects something she wished to get that was in the room, so she returned to the door and knocked. She was told to come in, and doing so, saw that the man had removed his overcoat and was standing by the fire. His companion was sitting near him with a handkerchief to her eyes. The landlady got what she wanted and as she was passing out made a common place remark to the lady, who returned no answer, nor did she take the handkerchief from her eyes. The man, however, made some answer. A little while before day-light a colored boy was sent to the room to make a fire, but returned immediately and said no one was in the room. The mysterious guests had quietly left the house without even paying their room rent and no one has seen them since.

The Louisville papers of Monday had big accounts of how one J. C. Alversen, formerly of Danville, had been caught stealing money from the contribution box of the Walnut street Methodist church. The papers most probably made a mistake in the name, as no J. C. Alversen is known here, while A. C. Alversen, Alversen left here last summer, but for several days before his departure it was generally known that he was under suspicion of pilfering from several Danville people. It is doubtful, however, if a case could have been made against him in court, although there were abundant grounds for suspicion. He is a strange man and those who know him best doubt his sanity. He lived here about ten years, was a good mechanic (wagon maker) was a member of the Methodist church and a regular attendant thereof, and owned, as Louisville paper says, a good tenor voice. Here as in Louisville he sang in choir. He always presented a neat appearance and was never seen in low company. It was nearly two years before he left Danville that he began to act very strangely. He would begin a piece of work but would quit it sometimes when nearly finished and nothing could induce him to touch it again. Last November a year ago he went to Tennessee deer hunting with a hunting club to which he belonged and after he returned was not known to strike a lick of work up to the time he left town, although there were several jobs in his shop he could have finished in a few hours and from which he could have realized what to him would have been a considerable sum of money. When he left he went to Richmond, then to Winchester and finally wound up in Louisville. He left his clothing and other personal effects in a room he had occupied for several years and are there yet. Up to this hour he has left no order with our postmaster as to where his mail matter shall be forwarded; yet he has not tried to avoid Danville people, for he has recently hunted up several in Louisville and asked about his old friends here. To one acquaintance he has written several letters, which are meaningless and incoherent. The writer of this has heard that he had a brother who committed suicide a few years ago, but whether this be true or not, it would be nothing more than what is right to investigate the unfortunate man's condition all around and ascertain if he is indeed thoroughly responsible for his acts in the eyes of the law. The Louisville papers are mistaken in regard to the church here giving him a letter of dismissal, so church officers say.

JUST ARRIVED!

A NEW LINE OF HATS,

In browns and blacks, in stiff and soft hats, also the latest style Alpine at \$2.50 apiece. We are still selling

OVERCOATS

At cost, and they are going in a hurry, only a few left. It will pay you to buy one and lay it away for next winter, as the prices on them

WILL INDUCE YOU TO BUY.

Men's Suits at \$5 that are worth \$8; Boys' Suits at \$3, worth \$5; Knee Pants Suits at 75c. In fact, anything in the Dress Goods, Notions, Shoes, Furnishing Goods of any kind we

WILL SELL YOU BELOW ANYBODY,

AS OUR

SPRING GOODS ARE COMING

And we need the room.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE,

Stanford, Ky.

A. HAYS, Manager.

## FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

Two good jacks for sale. J. Walker Givens, McKinney.

Wool.—I want to buy 100,000 lbs. or more of wool. Will pay highest mark et price. A. T. Nunnelley.

M. A. Mason, a Christian county farmer, raised 25,000 pounds of tobacco last year, which he sold for \$7,000.

For SALE—50 miles, 14 to 16 hands high, 3 to 4 years old. Will sell one at a time or all. B. G. Gover, Milledgeville.

The horse season is again upon us and horsemen will as usual find the Interior JOURNAL office fully equipped to serve them in any way.

Miller & Sibley have covered a straight track 2,200 feet long for their trotters at Meadville, Pa. The horses to make a fire, but returned immediately and said no one was in the room. The mysterious guests had quietly left the house without even paying their room rent and no one has seen them since.

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Young Norris sold 65 bushels of clover seed at \$1. Colyer & Rice have shipped to Butler, Mo., 16 jacks. They are good ones. Four were bought from Harvey Cole, of House, for \$2,000.—Richmond Clinchian.

Farris & Whitley bought 163 steers of James Allen at \$6 and 24 cattle for \$900. Prewitt & Wood bought in Palisade 68 head 1,050-pound cattle at \$40 to \$42. Corn is selling at \$2.40 to \$2.75 delivered.—Advocate.

M. L. Sayles, owner of the trotting horse Temple Bar, who, with his horse, was expelled from the National Trotting Association last summer, has brought suit against the Cleveland Driving Park Association for \$10,000 damages, placing upon it the responsibility for the expulsion.

## Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be "The Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashtabula, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers in due time which can not be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First-Class and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## DR. JOS. HAAS'

Hog & Poultry Remedy

Used Successfully Fifteen Years.

Will arrest disease, prevent disease, expel worms, stop cough, increase the flesh and hasten maturity.

Prices—\$5.50, \$1.25 and 50 cents per package; 25-pound can \$12.50. The largest packages are the cheapest. For sale by

A. R. PENNY,  
Stanford, Ky.

97-

→ H. & C. RUPLEY, ←

Merchant Tailor,

Is Receiving His

FALL & WINTER GOODS

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for goods.

Thanking my friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage in the past year, I hope to merit a continuance by polite attention, honest goings and fair prices.

A. R. PENNY.

BAFFLED  
CONSPIRATORS.BY W. E. NORRIS  
CONTINUED)CHAPTER X.  
THE CHIEF CONSPIRATOR IS DANGER.

"Now, Sybil, I'm going to have it out with you."

One afternoon, toward the close of the year treated of in this unprejudiced account of a shameful conspiracy, a somewhat dejected-looking gentleman was seated before the smoking room fire of a mansion in the Midlands. He had been out hunting, and, as circumstances had caused him to abandon the chase rather earlier than other people, he had ensconced himself in this comfortable armchair to smoke a cigar and meditate a while before going upstairs to dress for dinner. It was the chief conspirator. His muddy boots reposed upon the steel fender; his right arm hung loosely by his side, his fingers almost touching the floor; his head was sunk forward upon his breast; that his nose and his reddish beard met. Anybody seeing him would

## LADIES' GLOVES.

## Interesting Information Regarding Old, Important Part of the Wardrobe.

Gloves play a most important part in the feminine wardrobe; nothing denotes a woman's caliber so quickly as her gloves and boots. A shabby dress and boots are often redeemed and made almost ele-

WALKING GLOVE. EVENING GLOVE.  
gant by neatly fitting gloves and boots. They are an expensive luxury, but frayed finger tips are the height of vulgarity. Many women ruin beautiful gowns by wearing gloves inconsistent with their toilet.

A tailor made gown or walking costume worn in the morning should be accompanied by a glove of Russian leather, in shades of red or tan. These harmonize with almost any costume. The walking glove is heavy and is decorated with narrow stitching, with large brass buttons or clasps, and the prices range from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

A really economical and good wearing glove for the woman whose means are limited is the buttonless lace sac glove. These are especially nice for shopping and can be had for one dollar a pair.

In the afternoon the fashionable woman wears suede mousquetaire gloves to match the gown.

For receptions, when the glove does not match the gown, "made color" is now the fad, and is worn with all gowns. This glove is a pale pink. In length these are from four to eight button mousquetaire.

The recent fashion of wearing white glace kid with slack or white stitching is not so prevalent. They are expensive gloves to wear on account of their delicacy of color, as they can rarely be washed.

For evening wear the pale tints of suede or pure white gloves are always permissible. Gloves, however, in the shades of evening gowns are more desirable. The usual length is twenty buttons, which, when worn with short sleeves or simple shoulder puffs, shows a portion of the arm.

It is seldom that an evening glove is made of one piece of kid, glovemakers claiming that no skin is perfect and much must be cut away, in consequence of which there is a joining in the very long pairs of gloves.

A clever girl says she economizes in regard to her dancing gloves by wearing white gloves, and when the fingers and hands of the glove show wear cuts it off at the wrist, buys a fresh pair of short gloves and joins them on the seam, which is hidden in the wrinkles at the wrist.

Black gloves are the prettiest on the hand, but they are the least endurable and always more expensive.

There is no economy in cheap gloves.

## A Gentle Hint.

A delightful present to receive at any time is a bonnet whisk mounted on a silver handle. It is so pretty that one likes to use it to drive out the bits of dust that will get on the daintiest of chapeaux, and which, unless they are quickly removed, will cause it soon to look anything but new.

have said: "Here is no such culprit in the house; in another five minutes I will have fallen asleep, dropped his cigar, and burnt a hole in the sofa."

Lord Guise, however, was not at all sorry; he was only pensive, depressed, and uneasy in his mind. What he was trying to himself was:

"This is the last, and probably the last, leg. Wherever I go I am bound to meet that woman. It is really bad luck that I should meet her in my path. Now that I should mind meeting her, it only adds to my difficulty, but one does like to be an over-lady in one's mind. I hang it all, why can't we be friends? We always used to be. Now, I don't suppose there is a man in all England who carries less about the kind of thing than I do still. I don't say to anybody to say that he enjoys seeing a pretty woman either gain in his favor or hang her banner upon him every time that he makes an effort to please his second dinner. And I have never denied that she is a pretty woman. In fact, pretty isn't the word; she is absolutely beautiful—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, for that matter."

Here Lord Guise heaved a long sigh, shifted his position and took a few pulls at his cigar, which was nearly out.

"I'm not sure," he resumed presently, "that I haven't been a little too hard upon Sybil Belvoir. I'm not sure that I haven't been too hard upon women generally. One grows more or less wanton as one grows older. After all, what harm is there in that?"

And how did he know that that she had ever done anything worse than that? I don't believe she has, and certainly I don't believe a tinge of the stories which are with haven't exchanged a dozen words with her in their lives think themselves very knowing for telling about her.

"A man like they are themselves! I could tell her one or two things about some of these fellows who are always hanging round her which would make her open her eyes, I suspect, though she is by way of knowing everything. Of course it isn't permitted to tell tales, but, upon my word, I sometimes almost wish it was! Talk about the duplicity of women! Why, what can you expect of them when they have to contend against the duplicity of men?"

It will be perceived that in the course of the same and imminent Lord Guise's views with regard to the sexes had undergone some modification. But that perhaps was scarcely enough to account for his low spirits; because, although one is sorry to have formed unjust judgment, one does not exactly make one self miserable over mistakes to which, being but mortal, we are all liable. And, indeed, to some, matters up, Lord Guise was unhappy because a lady whom he had known from her childhood would have nothing to say to him. He was also puzzled; otherwise possibly he would have been less unhappy. While he was revolving disconnected thoughts and vague conjectures in his mind, his host—a ruddy, jovial old gentleman—tramped in and threw himself down upon a chair, dropping his hunting crop.

"Well, Guise," said he, "you've missed the quietest thing of the season."

"That," observed Lord Guise, "is of course. Whatever went out on a lame horse without missing the quietest thing of the season? I don't want to hear about it, thank you. We shall have a good many trustworthy accounts of it before we are allowed to get to bed, no doubt. I suppose all the other men were well in it from the first!"

"I don't believe it," answered Lord Guise politely.

"Oh, you're a rascal—what-d'ye-call-it; we'll know that. You don't enjoy seeing women in the hunting field or anywhere else. By the way, what's wrong with Lady Belvoir that she won't come out? She was as keen as mustard last year."

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Lord Guise. "Perhaps her nerve is beginning to go."

"No fear. I only wish I had half her pluck; but at my time of life one finds out that one isn't quite what one used to be. Do you know what my wife says? She says she believes Lady Belvoir has stopped hunting because you don't approve of it."

"That," observed Lord Guise, getting up and stretching himself, "is rather like me to say that. I am innocent of having advised that circular tour. Or, at least, if I did tell him—and now that I come to think of it I believe I did—that it would be a good way of spending the recess, it wasn't in order to get him out of your way that I did so. In fact I happen to know!"

"Oh, so do I!" interrupted Lady Belvoir. "I am quite aware that I had censed to be a danger. You had already delivered him from me!"

"And you, from him?"

"Yes, if you like. But your opinion of me was as bad as ever, and I dare say you may have thought that no friend of mine was likely to be much better than myself. Very well; opinion is free, and you can keep yours. You can do your best to deprive me of my friends, and you can object to everything that I do, and put the worst construction upon all my actions, only you must really not expect me to look as if I liked it."

Again there was that unusual quaver in her ladyship's voice, and again her conscience stricken heart felt touched and penitent. What she had said was very nearly the truth that he could not set up much of a defense for himself; but he assured her that if he had ever spoken unadvisedly or ill naturally of her he was very sorry for it, and that he wouldn't do it again. As for Moreton and Schneider.

"Oh, well, one must make allowances," said the good natured old gentleman. "Perhaps if you or I were in her place—young and pretty and independent of any control, you know—she should act pretty much as she does, eh?"

"I haven't a doubt of it," answered Lord Guise. "Let us be thankful that we are not exposed to the same temptation. It's about time to go and dress, isn't it?"

Possibly this plea for leniency, coming as it did from an unprejudiced outsider, and chiming in with the voice of his own conscience, may not have been without a certain effect upon him. At any rate, when he had dressed and had joined the large party awaiting him in the drawing room (Lord Guise was always late for dinner), he felt ready to make any allowance that could be reasonably expected of him for one situated as Lady Belvoir was. The only thing that he could make no allowance for was her marked and persistent neglect of an old friend.

Ever since the end of the London season—such a long time ago now—he had been perpetually encountering Lady Belvoir. He had met her at Cowes; he had met her in Scotland, and at Doncaster and at Newmarket; and now, as sure as ever he accepted an invitation to a country house, so surely was her face among the first

that he descried after his arrival. Well, it was not an unpleasant face to contemplate—quite the reverse—but it was invariably turned away the moment that he drew near, and this method of treatment, which at first had scarcely stirred his curiosity, had ended by provoking him beyond all endurance. What the deuce did she mean by it? That was all he wanted to know.

Whatever she may have meant by it she evidently did not propose discontinuing it that evening. The friend of her childhood was requested to escort her to the dining room; but scarcely a word could be got out of her, though he did what he had to be and conciliatory. No sooner had they taken their places than her shoulder was turned toward him, and from that time until the departure of the ladies all his efforts to attract her attention proved fruitless. Sometimes she did not appear to hear what he said, and even when she did reply it was in the briefest possible terms. Lord Guise, like the generality of phlegmatic men, was obstinate and persistent. He was not going to be put off in that way any longer without knowing the reason why; so he waited patiently until an opportunity occurred, later in the evening, of addressing Lady Belvoir privately; and very likely, he did not think of asking himself by whom that opportunity had been created.

He drew a chair up beside hers, seated himself with a determined air, and said: "Now, Sybil, I'm going to have it out with you. How have I offended you?"

"Have I ever said I was offended?" she asked, raising her eyes slowly to his. "No; because that would have been superfluous. But perhaps, after all, it isn't offense; perhaps it's aversion. If so, I should like to be told what I have done to merit it. We used to get on pretty well together once upon a time."

Lady Belvoir sighed ever so slightly. "I think," she remarked, "that that was before you took to saying unkind and spiteful things about me behind my back."

"What things?" asked Lord Guise, reddening a little. "Of course one does sometimes say things—everybody does—about one's best friends which one would be sorry for them to hear, but it is the talebearers who are making and spiteful of women! Why, what can you expect of them when they have to contend against the duplicity of men?"

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"Well, most of them, I believe. One or two of the women, too, I must say. I enjoy seeing women ride straight to hounds."

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"Schneider?" he repeated; "yes, I saw him a few weeks ago. He has been in high favor with the bigwigs since he reduced the Radical majority in Scotland, and now they are going to put him in for Shamberton, you know."

Lord Guise knitted his brows and scanned her face sharply, but her lowered eyelids told no tales.

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"I know nothing about him or his plans; he has seen fit to ent me dead. How delightful it is to be ent dead by a Mr. Schneider! And how pleasant it is to think that he has been engaged against me by friend who has always had the sincerest regard for me! I wonder why Mr. Moreton hastened to New Zealand, and now they are going to put him in for Shamberton, you know."

"Oh, you wouldn't allow that it was Schneider," she returned. "Besides, I really don't care; you are welcome to say what you please. Only perhaps it is a little too much to expect that I should be overjoyed when I meet you. Have you seen anything of Mr. Schneider lately?"

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"Oh, you wouldn't allow that it was Schneider?" she interrupted, half laughing, half impatiently. Then all of a sudden she jumped up and crossed the room to join a group of young men and maidens, leaving it to be inferred that what had vexed her had not been so much the loss of her admirers as the loss of her old friend's esteem.

Again there was that unusual quaver in her ladyship's voice, and again her conscience stricken heart felt touched and penitent. What she had said was very nearly the truth that he could not set up much of a defense for himself; but he assured her that if he had ever spoken unadvisedly or ill naturally of her he was very sorry for it, and that he wouldn't do it again. As for Moreton and Schneider.

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coming down in a tweed suit and announcing that he meant to drive to the meet, if he might have a pony trap. "And perhaps," he added, "as Lady Belvoir isn't going to hunt, she will keep me company," which did not lessen the general astonishment.

Lord Guise himself was a little astonished when his proposition was at once accepted to, for he had been fully prepared for a refusal. However, it seemed that Lady Belvoir's mood had changed during the night and that she was now willing to bury the hatchet without further explanations or reproaches.

"I'm going," said she as soon as she had settled herself in the little pony cart and had drawn a fur rug round her, "to enjoy myself for once in a way. Just for this morning I want to forget everything disagreeable, and I should take it as a favor if you would do the same. Since we shall have to spend the next hour or two together our wisest plan will be to make the best of one another; don't you think so?"

And indeed it was not difficult to make the best of her, because from that moment she began to make the very best of herself. This was no longer Lady Belvoir, the professional beauty, the hard hearted, cynical woman of the world; it was the Sybil of bygone years—pretty, willful, high spirited, but capable, as one who had known her well had formerly thought, of warm affections and generous impulses. It was of those bygone years alone that she chose to talk. She asked her companion whether he remembered taking her out hunting— "You didn't object to my hunting then, did you?" she observed in a parenthesis—and how she had rushed her horse at a fence, and had been within an ace of getting a nasty fall, and how she had almost cried when he seduced her for her bad riding.

Then there were other incidents which she recalled to his memory and which he had supposed that she had long ago forgotten. In those far away days he had been sent to give her good advice, convincing her against the selfish and corrupt society which she was about to enter, and imploring her to distrust the advances of men whose character and previous history must be unknown to her. Well, she certainly had not profited by these counsels. Her development had been singularly, almost miraculously, rapid; the bloom of her youth and innocence had been rubbed off at the very first touch. Thinking rather sadly of this, and in view of what she was, and what he had once hoped that she might be, Lord Guise could not help saying:

"I never understood why you married Belvoir. It was always a mystery to me."

"Was it?" she returned, with a quick movement of her head toward him. "I am glad of that. I thought you were quite convinced that I married him for his looks."

"I couldn't conceive of any other reason."

"I suppose not. Ah, well! it is an old story now, and nobody cares what my reason may have been, and since I have been engaged to Percy Thorold and have thrown him over, and I have been more than half inclined to engage myself to a dozen other men. What does it matter? There is one right person, and only one, for everybody. Failing that person Tom is as good as Dick, and Dick as Harry. Don't you think so?"

This and other speeches of a like nature produced a strange and disturbing effect upon Lord Guise. It was little enough that he thought about fox hunting that day, and although the hounds found at the first covert, and he witnessed the beginning of what promised

## BILL NYE EN ROUTE.

MEETING A SISSY TRAVELING MAN  
ON THE TRAIN.

He Overhears the Patient Wall of a Stout  
Lady and Denies With a Request From  
Alonzo Belcher of East Rawl'se's Center.

[Copyright, 1888, by Edgar W. Nye.]

EN ROUTE.

The able critle who has held out for years that Mrs. Stowe had excluded the possibilities of poetic license when she represented Eliza as escaping over the Ohio river on cakes of ice is now dead. He died in Florida in January from exposure while skating on the St. John's river, and when they found him friends had to cut out a square rod, perch or pole of ice with his body in order to send him home.

He always maintained that the Ohio river never even froze enough to make a cake of ice between Cincinnati and Cairo. Last January Eliza with her infant child could have crossed over with boulders and a 4-horse team.



"OH, BOTH!"

In West Virginia we had to have all stoves and a furnace going all day in the opera house, as well as the entire gas service, including footlights, in order to warm up for evening service, and even then we wore white sweaters and shoulder breakfast shawls over our dress suits on the stage.

Natural gas is getting less plentiful, and the demand increased so that there was great suffering from cold among the poor, who had to return to the electric light and eat aside their parlor gas logs for the time. Heavy manufacturing enterprises also decrease the quantity of gas for home consumption, and as usual the corporation sails gayly on while the citizen has to go to bed to get warm.

"How strangely mankind does!"

We go and beg on bended knees for large corporations to come and build and do business in our town to raise the price of our lots, and yet how long is it before we write a piece for the county paper saying that we are driven to the wall by these great corporations, and that we hate them like everything?

We are only children in this life, dressed up in men's clothes, and I hope with Dr. Briggs that there is a chance in the future state for growth and development. I can see how I could grow in a future state and add to what I now know.

During the terrible reign of the cold we met on a train one day bound west the rarest thing I ever saw on earth—viz., a "sissy" traveling man. Traveling men are most generally business men. They have to be. They are mostly pretty rugged, masculine men, with voices that you can hear "the darkest night that ever blew."

This one was constantly running up against things that were just as rude as they could be. That was as far as he ever got. Some people were real hateful, and he claimed that once his blood boiled like everything.

Maybe it was the morning when he took a sponge bath in the north end of the sleeper at Pittsburg, as the train took breakfast there. You must know that the sponge bath facilities cannot be just what one would wish on a sleeping car, especially when one has to do it in the front doorway at a meal station with the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero and a great deal of passing in and out.

Still he had probably promised some dear one solemnly that he would bathe every morning if it cost him his life.

People filed past him filled with wonder and amazement, and to each one he said in a light, thin, girlish voice, "Beg pardon, but would you mind shutting that door?"

Nine of us, after we had passed by him, went to the other end of the car and passed through again three times, enjoying it heartily.

Once we met the man who brings in the ice for the cooler. He was near the young man who was trying to bathe. We had quite a long quarrel with the iceman over the right of way, and one of our party jostled him rudely against the young man, who was trying to tow his back. The iceman slipped, and his large cake of ice and the great coarse tongs also fell against him.

It was horrible. The young man gave a wild shriek, and with a moan of pain his Bon Jolanger whiskers went back inside and it is said have never come out again.

Later on after breakfast I tried to make up to him and be friendly, but he turned upon me like a wild beast and exclaimed, "Oh, both!"

I overheard yesterday the wall of the short, stout lady. She was looking at a fashion magazine, but she could not find anything to suit her.

"Did you ever notice," she said to her companion, a tall, lithe young woman, who was so long waisted that she never seemed to sit down at all, or to be sitting on her foot if she did sit down, "did you ever notice that nothing is ever designed for the short, stout woman in these magazines, Ethel?"

"Well, I do not remember ever to have seen any designs for short, plump people," said Ethel, shooting her cool, spiral

neck out of her collar so as to look still longer waisted.

"No," said the short, stout lady; "shortness and stoutness are regarded by the fashion plate makers as deformities, and you have to go and get some special artist to work at it to design your clothes just as you would go to a specialist if you had a club foot and get him to make your boot for you."

"Why it is, do you suppose?" Ethel asked, with great wonder.

"I do not know," said the short, stout lady as she swung her feet back and forth like a baby in a high chair. "There are surely enough of us, and some of us are quite refined. You know it is not generally believed that stout women are refined. A man may get so stout that even the presidential chair isn't big enough for him, and yet he will not lose any prestige, but let a lady along about 30 to 40 begin to weigh well and shun the slot machines, and then strangers in a crowd look upon her as they would on a man who rides on one railroad ticket and carries a live of busy bees with him in the same seat, or puts the hive there, at least, and lets the bees select their own seats.

"Yes, that is so," said Ethel, "but those who know you love you if you are stout. That's more than some can say whom I know of."

"I hope so," said the short, stout lady, with a tear in her eye as she tried to get her overshoe on by kicking it against the other foot, but only succeeded in fracturing a whalebone or two and tipping her hat down over her nose.

There ought to be some recompense. We are ashamed to ask for recompence of our size, and nobody ever attempted to design anything for us especially, for we wouldn't wear it anyway, no matter how becoming it was, if it had got to be the uniform of the fat women of the minister, and so there you are."

Then they both had to get off the train there, and Ethel had to borrow a traveling man's sample case for the short, stout lady to step on as she got off the coach.

I have not been richly endowed by nature with the fatal gift of beauty, but it might have been worse than it is, though when I pass through a car and afterward look back and see the passengers examining their watches to see if they are still running I can think of the short, stout lady and say, What if I, too, had been thus?

Written in a childish hand comes a request from little Alonzo Belcher of East Rawl'se's Center asking this paper how he can cure soreness of the tongue. Alonzo, it seems, during the cold weather was acting as understudy for the property man at East Rawl'se's Center, and one of the other stage hands, a bright young whaleback farmer, got Alonzo to accept a wager that he (Alonzo) could not erase with his tongue the name of Pistache Olson, the rising young Swedish nightingale and child wonder, which she (Miss Olson) had written in blue chalk on the gas pipe of her dressing room while at the Grand Opera House of East Rawl'se's Center.

Alonzo accepted the wager and now writes to ask about what he shall do. Alonzo has a large, copious tongue, which almost encircles the gas pipe, and outlines of it may still be seen there. For one night he and the opera house occupied the same apartments. The next day they jogged along together till about noon, when the other stage hands told the authorities, and steps were taken to arrange it so that the opera house and young Belcher could be used separately.

You see, you dare not cut out a piece of gas pipe that way for fear of asphyxiation, and they could not cut it off at the meter, it seems, as the company had arranged it so that gas would be "consumed" every evening, whether the house was opened or not, and they did not see how they could change it.

A hot shoehorn, however, was applied to the tongue, and soon the little sufferer was removed from the real estate and again became his own personal property.

He went home, he exclaims in the letter, feeling like a man that has a redhot cattle bone in his mouth and cannot get it out. Ever since then he has communicated with the outside world wholly by means of the pen. No one can even think of his great sorrow without a bitter and somewhat brachial tear.

How puny are our efforts when we fear the tongue, and soon the little sufferer was removed from the real estate and again became his own personal property.

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## PERSONAL POINTS.

MISS NELLIE SLAYMAKER is quite sick. JACOB BIEDERMAN has returned from Ohio.

COL. W. G. WILCH spent several days in London this week.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. HENDREN have moved back to Stanford.

MR. WILL SKEVERANCE went to Louisville yesterday to buy spring goods.

MR. TOM YEAGER is visiting his sister, Mrs. Frank J. Wood, at Indianapolis.

MR. ROBERT FENZEL is opening up a jewelry store in Judge Carson's building.

MISS SUE COZATT, of Parksville, came up to attend the bedside of Miss Mary Christian.

MISS MARY CHRISTIAN rallied a little Monday night and was still alive when we went to press last evening.

MRS. R. L. WHEELER, of Covington, Misses Josie McCarty, of Nicholasville, Sallie Dudderar, of Rowland, and Lucy Bourne, of Somerset, are visiting at Mrs. J. C. Hill's, Maywood.

MRS. JAMES S. FISH and her handsome family of girls left for California yesterday. Mr. Star Fish and wife, of Vincennes, Ind., were with them and they will stop a few days at the latter place.

## CITY AND VICINITY.

Your account is ready. Call and settle. I mean you. A. B. Penny.

The gymnasium outfit for the fire company is arriving. The room over W. C. Hutchings' livery stable has been secured for it.

THOMAS MARTIN is again marshal of Rowland, Will Land having resigned. It seems that the old man is the only one who can hold things down there.

MARSHAL NEWLAND arrested George Owlesley, better known as "Hammy," and Tom Withers, another negro, yes, yesterday for stealing \$4 from Kate Hart.

NOTICE.—Wanted, four respectable white women, to go to Philadelphia and be nurses in a private hospital. Must have common school education. Address P. O. Box 101, Stanford, Ky.

I. O. O. F.—A full attendance of the members of Stanford Lodge No. 156 is requested at the meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, to vote on a change in by-laws and other important business. A. C. Sine, Secy.

Two Pittsburgh licks, Wm. Catching and John Honey, got drunk and misbehaved at Bowland. They were arrested and fined \$5 each, but not having the cash to pony up, they were placed in durance vile for a season.

The public school will close this afternoon with exercises, to which the parents and others interested in education are respectfully invited by the capable principal, Prof. C. H. Holmes. The rendition of the programme begins at 1 o'clock.

The subscription school to be taught in the public school building by Prof. C. H. Holmes, assisted by Miss Cettie Thurmond, will begin next Monday. All the benches will be taught and special efforts will be made to make the session a success in every particular.

IRON BRIDGE.—President D. W. Vandever, of the Stanford and Lancaster Turnpike Co., has contracted with the Indiana Bridge Co., of Muncie, Ind., to build an iron bridge over Dix River, to be completed by Sept. 1. The span is 126 feet and the price is \$1,500.

THE USES OF UNHAPPINESS.—The Hamilton, O., Democrat says: "J. DeWitt Miller's lecture last night was good to make men forget themselves and business, to cause women to forget arduous household and family duties; it was good for the blues. Everybody ought to have heard it." Our people will have a chance to do so next Tuesday night at Walton's Opera House. Don't fail to avail yourself of it.

The clouds have continued to leak at intervals all week till they have made the whole face of nature a huge mud hole that you cannot avoid, no matter which way you go. There was considerable thunder and lightning Tuesday night and in some parts of the State in Bourbon, for instance, a cyclone of small dimensions raged. The weather dispatch yesterday contained only the monosyllabic word, "Rains."

GRANTED.—The contest over granting liquor license to P. W. Green at McKinney occupied Judge Varnon's court till noon Tuesday and resulted in Green's favor. The applicant claimed that there were 50 voters in McKinney, the protestants 70. After a careful inquiry, the judge decided that the exact number is 60. Forty persons had signed the protest, but six were found either to have signed both papers or were not legal voters, and this reducing the number to 34, gave them one less than a majority. With public sentiment so evenly divided it will become Mr. Green to keep such a house as will prove to the opponents of license that there is not much difference after all between licensed bars and unlicensed drug stores and doggeries, and we believe he will do

NEW souvenirs at Danks'. TIMOTHY seed, red, top seed, oats and millet at W. H. Wearen & Co's.

REMARKABLE M. F. Elkin pays the highest market price for furs, deer hides, &c., in cash.

FOR RENT.—The Capt. trains Craig house and lot on Upper Main street; P. M. McRoberts.

The Danville Hop Club extends a general invitation to the Stanford Hop Club to attend their hop on the night of the 22d.

AN oyster supper for the benefit of the Linnietta Park Cornet Band will be given at the Tribble House, Junction City, Friday night, 24th. Tickets are only 25 cents.

The supper to be given at Hustonville for the benefit of the band will be on the night of the 24th, instead of the 22d, on which night Washington's birthday will be celebrated at the Christian College.

Come and see our gents' and ladies' Blucher shoes in fawn and brown Russian and French calf and ladies' kid, all made on the new spring last. You should also see our ladies' wrappers from \$1.25 to \$3 and our blazer and reefer suits from \$4 to \$6.50.

REV. WALLACE THARP has through Rev. W. S. Ellis withdrawn everything offensive he may have said in reference to the editor of this paper in regard to the dog purchase and authorized him to make any apology consistent with a Christian gentleman. He says further that he does not believe we acted other than in good faith in publishing an item which we got in such a straight manner.

If Mr. Tharp chooses to give \$35 of \$350 for a dog it is his privilege and we never even thought of questioning it, and he now recognizes how absurd it was for him to have noticed the matter at all.

As we never extenuate nor set down aught in malice, we very cheerfully accept Mr. Tharp's amende honorable and beg to suggest that he is too good a shot to go off half-cocked. It is often more dangerous to the shooter than the shot-ee.

OYSTER BILL ALFORD, formerly of this place, who killed a man in Louisville a number of years ago and was after a long time captured in the Northwest and given a term in the penitentiary, doesn't seem satisfied to stay out of that institution.

He is breaking out this division now and the other night, after filling himself with whisky, became very offensive in J. W. Carrier's bar-room at Bowland. Mr. Carrier attempted to put him out, but Bill drew a murderous looking pistol and Mr. Carrier was quickly convinced that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day, and considered not the order of his going, went at once. As he disappeared through a door, two bullets buried themselves in the ceiling in close proximity to his head.

After holding the fort as long as he wished, Oyster Bill decided that this was not a good place for him, so shaking the mud from his feet he departed by the fast train that came along and has since made himself particularly scarce.

PARDONED.—Sheriff J. L. Manning, ex-sheriff M. A. Moore and W. L. Moore were on Wednesday's train returning from Frankfort, where they had been to take the convicts sentenced at the last term of the Whitley court. One was a white boy of 13, Wesley Woods, sent up for one year for stealing money. Mr. Moore took the boy before Gov. Brown and asked him to pardon him on account of his age and poor widowed mother, but the youth acted so carelessly and defiantly the governor at first refused.

He was taken to the penitentiary, his head shaved and the stripes put on him. This completely broke his spirit and he cried aloud for mercy. The governor was apprised of the change in the boy's demeanor and issued a pardon on condition that Mr. Moore would stand for his good conduct, which he promised to do. The big-hearted ex-sheriff paid off his expenses returning and no doubt felt fully repaid when he delivered the boy to his mother and saw her shed tears of joy and gratitude.

HELD.—When the case against Bob Hansford, Pete Miller, George Lackey and Mitch Bailey, charged with breaking into J. M. Hail's smoke house and stealing meat therefrom, was called Tuesday before Judge Carson the three last named were dismissed, because there was no proof against them, and Hansford held till Wednesday. The examination developed the fact that he had a key that would fit Mr. Hail's lock; that he also had a key to Mr. Vandever's barn, where the meat was found; that the tracks fit his shoes; that he was out at 12 o'clock that night, although he swore that he did not go from home; that he failed to haul some hay from the barn to Mr. R. C. Warren's, when told by Mr. Vandever to do so, and that when the meat was found in the hay he broke out in a cold sweat and had a buck ague. There was no direct evidence of his guilt, but these circumstances, almost as strong as proofs of guilty, caused Judge Carson to hold him in \$250 bond to the circuit court, which he failed to give, and was returned to jail. W. H. Miller represented the accused and J. B. Paxton the prosecution.

RENT.—The Capt. trains Craig house and lot on Upper Main street; P. M. McRoberts.

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THE Missing Words Supplied.

Below will be found in bold type the missing words of the sentences we published last, two weeks ago. In that time 100 signed solutions have been received, not to mention scores of others that were not signed or with imaginary funny names. Nine tenths of the answers were as follows: 1, Blaine; 2, Beautiful; 3, Cleveland; 4, Cough; 5, Dollar; 6, Dross; 7, Eight; 8, Harrison; 9, Picture; and 10, Queen Victoria, the easiest answers possible, although we warned the guessers that the solution was not as easy as it looked like.

No. 1. **BLOUSE** Was not considered desirable at the Minneapolis National Republican Convention by a majority of the delegates.

2. **BEAU IDEAL**. That which every plain woman would desire to be come.

3. **CLEVERMAN**. One who served to defeat James G. Blaine for the Presidency in 1881.

4. **SOUCH**. A result usually caused by current of air or draught.

5. **FELLER**. That which you can get five thousand by winning the first prize herein offered.

6. **DROSS**. Something that foolish women who love display sometimes spend too much money for.

7. **DICHT**. Something that pugilists are always willing to do if there is money in it.

8. **HARRICAN**. A man whose name is almost constantly in newspapers and whose trip to California attracted great crowds whenever he appeared in public.

9. **MIXTURE**. When of beauty and value served to improve, beautify and adorn and brighten any home.

10. **QUEER VISCOUNTS**. Probably better liked across the ocean than by most Americans.

Only three answers are anywhere near right. Those closest to it are the ones sent by Miss Allie B. Brown, Lancaster, Mrs. Julia Penny, Stanford, and Mrs. S. Nall, Hustonville. No one gets the prize on the proposition, but we will send each of these ladies our paper and a magazine if they will say that they had never seen or heard of the sentences before they appeared in the paper.

The answers sent have proved of considerable amusement to us, besides demonstrating that the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* is read pretty extensively all over this fair land of ours.

28a Mrs. Mary A. Hackley, Stanford.

28b Miss Lily Date Grant, Lancaster. 2.

28c Lea Powell, Hustonville.

28d Earle Farra, Lancaster.

COLLINS & BUCHANAN, the genl photographers, after about three weeks' stay, left with their gallery for Danville Tuesday. While here they tell us that they made over 10,000 tintypes for people who are either stuck on themselves or are stuck on somebody else.

THESE engineers have not struck yet and it is almost certain that they will not. They have withdrawn their original demands and submitted another schedule, which General Manager Metcalfe is considering. It is said that no increase of mileage will be granted, but some other concessions will be made.

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## SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday  
\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE  
or When not so paid, \$2.50 will be charged.

## K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 12:00 a. m., returning  
5:30 p. m.

## L. &amp; N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train going North, 12:37 p. m.  
South, 1:23 p. m.  
Express train, South, 1:51 p. m.  
Local Freight, North, 7:10 a. m.  
South, 7:35 p. m.

The latter train also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 10 minutes faster.

## QUEEN &amp; CRESCENT ROUTE.

Trains pass Junction City as follows:  
South-bound—No. 1, Limited, 12:25 p. m.; No. 3, Blue-Grass Special, arrives 3:40 p. m.; No. 5, Q. & C. Special, 12:27 a. m.; No. 7, East Mail, arrives 1:20 p. m., leaves 2:05 p. m.

North-bound—No. 5, Q. & C. Special, 3:40 p. m.; No. 4, leaves at 6 a. m.; No. 6, Limited, 3:35 a. m.; No. 8, Express, arrives 1:20 p. m., leaves 1:15 p. m.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—[Latest United States Government Food Report.]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,  
106 Wall St., New York.

New Crusher and Bolting Cloth.

Having added to my Mill a Corn Crusher, one that will grind cob and all, and at the same time grind any other kind of grain and mix it to suit any one, and also put in a new Flour Bolting Cloth. I am prepared to make you some good old-fashioned flour. Flour, and am putting in a Meal Mill, will have it ready in a week or so.

J. H. BRIGHT.

## DAIRY.

I will open on January 15th, 1891, a First-Class Dairy farm from which I can supply any quantity of Jersey milk to the people of Stanford and Rowland at the following prices, delivered:

Fresh Milk, per gallon, 20 cents  
Skimmed Milk, per gallon, 10 cents  
Butter Milk, per gallon, 8 cents

I will make two trips daily. The patronage of the public is solicited.  
G. A. PEYTON,  
Stanford, Ky.

Notice to the Traveling Public.  
.....I have had.....

## THE SHELTON HOUSE

At Rowland operated and nicely furnished, and has in connection with it one of the best restaurants in the State, open day and night; a night menu meets all trains. In connection with House have also one of the best Mineral wells in the State and for reference to water, call on Mr. and Mrs. G. W. French, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Gray, Erie, Pa.; Mr. A. Warren, Stanford, Ky.; Dr. E. Proctor, C. H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hamilton, Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Johnson, New Haven, Jim Cox, Greensburg. Rates \$2 per day. J. M. Tetrey, clerk. Give me a call.

J. W. CARRIER, Prop.

DR. W. B. PENNY  
Dentist.

Office South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

## "DENTO."

For the prompt extraction of teeth and other minor surgery, I have tested in virtue sufficient to know.  
R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.

## FOR SALE.

Nimble aged. Every 100 also one thousandths. SAW Mill, one 100 pound corned, 100 4-year old Steer, 7 yearling Mare Mules, good colts and good Mules.  
H. M. CREIGHTON,  
Kingsbury, Lincoln County, Ky.

## FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell privately my Farm of 100 acres on the Danville and Stanford pike, three miles from Stanford. It is well improved, with dwelling of five rooms, new barn and all necessary outbuildings; also has fine spring. Can come on the premises or address me at Stanford, Ky.

EUGENE KELLEY.

LUMBER. SAW Mill, on the Somerset pike, eight miles from Stanford, and 100 acres, 70,000 feet good Oak and Poplar Lumber for sale. I will sell at the lowest reasonable rates and invite all who want lumber to give me a call.  
JACOB HAEFLIGER, Orlensburg.

Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—A mad dog bit a little boy at Broadhead.

Judge Carter has sold his farm near Cummings' Station.

Our new Commonwealth's attorney, Mr. C. W. Lester, is a bold prosecutor, a genial gentleman and is business from the word go.

Mr. McBurney, a representative of the Watts Steel syndicate, was here for some days last week looking up clay. He found what he desired. He pronounces it the best in the country, except the Michigan clay, which is as good.

Mr. H. B. Logsdon, L. & N. agent at Frankfort, is attending court here. Among the railroad men here at court we notice Messrs. Tom Hurley, Ed Duderer, M. M. Carey, W. B. Hayes and Samuel Bailey. Mrs. Sallie Leavell, of Garrard, is visiting relatives here. Mr. George Denny, of Lancaster, is here. Among the witnesses from Garrard in the Anderson-Mullins case are S. D. Rothwell, A. K. Walker, Thomas Austin and W. L. Lawson.

The turnpike question is not dead, though not much has been heard on the subject of late. The old business men are engaged on the subject and a number of suggestions and plans are under discussion. A leading business man here says a good plan would be to have the county issue \$30,000 in bonds, the money to be used in the construction of turnpikes. The county is out of debt and the benefits to be derived from good turnpikes ought to convince every one that to vote for the bond issue would be a vote for the development of the county's resources. The benefits are innumerable. Turnpikes can be constructed very cheaply throughout the county on account of the inexhaustible quantities of stone to be found along the roads.

The first circuit court held here under the new dispensation was opened Monday morning. Judge Morrow, the best man in the profession, on the bench, and our new prosecuting attorney, Mr. C. W. Lester, on hand. Business moved off at once and has proceeded right along to date. Mr. Lester is clearing the docket at a lively rate. The case of Wm. Agee for killing a hog, which had broken into his corn field, defendant was found guilty and fined \$10; John Rose, a darky, was charged with stealing \$15 from the desk of Hotel Newcomb; hung jury. The defense pleaded idiocy. Fines were imposed on pistol carriers; some acquitted; A. T. Anderson's counselee to an indictment charging him with perjury was sustained and the case dismissed; a number of cases were disposed of, of which we failed to get a record; case of Anderson vs. Mullins is set for to-day, Thursday. Quite a number of indictments, which were found from 6 to 12 months, since against the express agent at this place for delivering C. O. D. jugs, were called up and tried. In every instance an acquittal followed. It was shown that nothing was done illegally. It is more than likely that some of those who were so tickled at the finding of the indictments will now give their tired tongues a much needed rest, or change the subject to that of turnpikes and the county's needs.

## A STRANGE LOVE.

I clasped her struggling to my heart,  
I whispered love unknown;

One kiss her red lips I pressed  
And she was all my own.

I loved her with a love profound,  
E'en death could not destroy,

And yet I must confess I found  
My bliss had some alloy.

For once I saw her unaware  
Upon a fellow's lap;

He claiming kisses ripe and rare—  
I did not like the chap.

She had some faults so we have all

But one I hope to throttle,  
She had, alas! what I may call

A weakness for the bottle.

One morn I caught her ere she was made

Her toilet, and beneath

An old straw hat her laugh betrayed

My darling had no teeth,

Unconscious of my presence she

With artful slyness rare

Tossed off the hat and—Gracious me!

Her head was minus hair.

But love is bound on a rock,

And mighty in its strength;

For I could learn without a shock

She could not read or write.

She could not dote or sing a tune,

And scarcely could converse;

But what cared I, she was my own,

For better or for worse.

And yet I loved her and confessed

Devotion, and it may be,

You'd do the same if you possessed

Another such a baby.

Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

## Like a Thief in the Night.

Come consumption. A slight cold with your system in the scrofulous condition that causes it.

That's the time when new remedies are in.

It's the time when